To Elizabeth Peabody Nichol.

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Roxbury, Sept. 26, 1869.

My Dear Friend:

If you were not among the most reliable of friends, I might almost doubt your willingness to pardon my long silence. But, however much I may be given to procrastination, (and I am inexcusably so, but it is owing to my aversion to the mechanical use of the pen,) in respect to epistolary interchanges, you will never for one moment entertain the thought, I trust, that I am growing forgetful of my deep indebtedness to you, or abating one jot or tittle of my affectionate regard for you, as though you were my own sister. Twenty-nine years have elapsed since our acquaintance was formed; and for your worth and works during that long period, (to say nothing of your earlier life,) you occupy the most exalted position in my esteem, and deserve my highest panegyric. Yet I am always deterred from saying of you and to you all that it is in my heart to express, because of that innate mod-

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esty which is your marked characteristic. You combine such strength of principle with such gentleness of spirit, such firmness of purpose with such charitable allowance, such moral intrepidity with such admirable discretion and delicacy, that I have ever felt honored in being allowed to share your confidence and enjoy your friendship. The Sonnet which I dedicated to you many years ago is still the expression of my understanding and heart.

Your letter of July 11th was read with great delight by Fanny, Frank, and myself. Its date was the anniversary of our arrival at Huntly Lodge two years before; and as it recalled to your memory the precise time of our visit, so we remembered it with all its delightful associations, and made special mention of it in our family circle. What could be more kind than your attentions, what more generous than your hospitality, during the memorable week that we remained with you? What did I not owe to you for the generous reception which was accorded to me

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by the Anti-Slavery friends in Edinburgh, and for the handsome manner in which the freedom of the city was bestowed upon me? It augments my happiness whenever I think of the visits we made, the conversations we had on various interesting topics, and the ascension we made to Arthur's Seat, from which so wide and beautiful a panoramic view is obtained. We were as reluctant to leave Huntly Lodge as we were eager to get to it. It was hard parting at the railway station; all the more as it might prove a final one on earth. Yet I do not wholly dismiss from my mind the thought of one day again visiting Edinburgh; in which case I will cherish the hope that I shall find you even better in health than when I bade you farewell. But how I wish you could see your way clear to make us a return visit to Rockledge! Cannot dear Miss Estlin's "vivid descriptions" of her own visit, and the ease with which she crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic, induce you to "go and do likewise"?

Now that the Anti-Slavery question is disposed of, the political enfranchisement of the women of the land is a subject of general interest and growing importance. I have recently attended several conventions, in furtherance of this claim, and others have been held which hindrances prevented my attending; but they have been conducted by the women with such propriety, ability, and moral potency as to give a powerful impetus to the movement. There is, as yet, no serious opposition, but it may come in the end. The general talk is, that if the women really want to vote, let them say so as a body, or even as a majority of their sex, and their wish shall be granted. I have no doubt it will be, in that case; yet the right itself rests upon no such subterfuge. It is no justification of oppression that its victims are backward or timid in demanding their rights.

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I am glad to hear that you received Mrs. Dall's book, and that you have read it with interest. It will be a useful instrument in the general advocacy of the cause.

You ask my opinion of "The Revolution," as an organ of the movement. I seldom see a number of it; but I know the style in which it is conducted, and it is not at all to my taste. It is bold to audacity, and often coarse. It is true, that semi-lunatic George Francis Train is no longer connected with it, and that is a gain; but he left of his own accord, and not because either Mrs. Stanton or Miss Anthony wished him to do so. Strange to say, they improve any and every opportunity to eulogize him, though he is one of the greatest despisers of the negro race living. Their former connection with him, and their persistent glorification of him, as well as their unscrupulous manner of conducting the cause, making the end sanctify the means, have greatly lessened

my respect for and confidence in them. I admit their zeal, energy, ability; and that there is much that they write and publish that will be likely to "help the cause along" in the end. But their sheet is too heterogeneous, though fortunately not the official organ of any Society. Mr. Pillsbury, I understand, has ceased to be connected with it. I have been amazed at its spirit and tone in opposition to the proposed Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, giving suffrage to the colored men of the country. It dabbles with financial questions in a manner that I deem ill-judged and uncalled for in connection with such a movement. I see that our esteemed friend Mrs. Moore, of Manchester, writes occasionally for its columns; and whatever she communicates is sure to be well written and worth reading. I think that, hereafter, in consequence of the many friendly but outspoken criticisms upon its

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course, that "The Revolution" is likely to be conducted with more discretion and dignity. I have no personal feelings in the matter: with me the cause is everything.

"The Agitator," a weekly paper, published at Chicago, Illinois, and edited by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, is in all respects worthy of approval and a wide circulation. It is thoroughly in earnest, and uncompromising in its demands for equal rights; and characterized by nothing in bad taste or indicative of eccentricity. Indeed, it is a model journal, and is doing an effective work at the great West.

On the 17th of November, there is to be a national convention held at Cleveland, Ohio, under cheering auspices, for the formation of such an American Women's Suffrage Association as shall inspire general respect and confidence, such as no similar association now does. I hope to be able to attend it.

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Notwithstanding the divisions in the ranks, and other drawbacks, I am happy to assure you that the great movement is rolling on with accelerated speed, and that there is no doubt among us as to its final success. Most gratified am I to hear of the success, in England, in gaining the municipal vote for women. Practically, therefore, you are ahead of us to that extent.

Should you write to Miss Estlin, give her my affectionate remembrances, and those of my household. I wait for her arrival here, and shall be happy to do what in me lies to make her second visit still more agreeable than her first. I owe her a long letter, and also dearly beloved Eliza Wigham another, and will endeavor to pay the epistolary debt soon.

Affectionately yours,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.